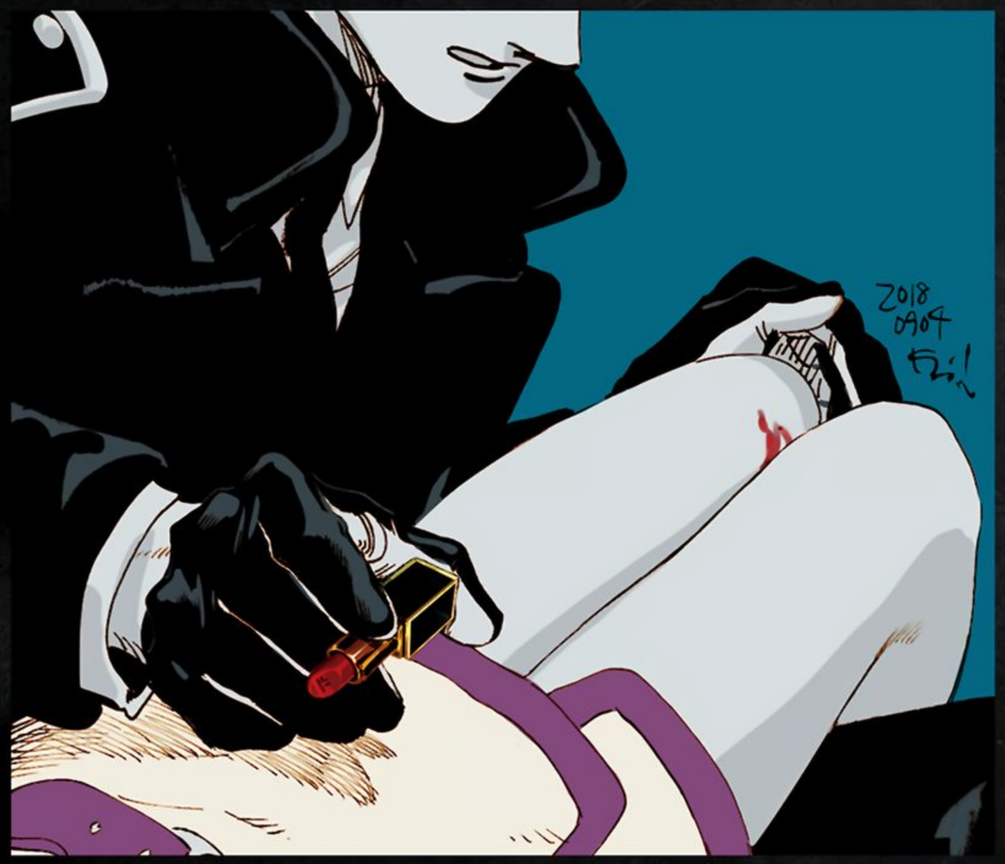
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
WE NEED MORE YANKIIS
TRANSLATED BY
BOWLING
TRANSLATION CHECK BY
CINDA
EDITED BY
JAWSH
DISCORD:
Discord.gg/mnadMa4

SCENE. 17

Constellation waiting to be named



Fwaah...

Hm?

Where?

Did you know that?

You have beauty marks on your legs.

Oh, really?

And right there.

There.

Here.

Thank you.

Where is it?

The eyeliner...

Can you hand me my make-up?

My god, that's terrible!

Right next to you.

A con-stellation!

Lookie here...

I could draw constellations all day.

キャッ キャ キャ

And what's the name of that constellation?

"Me".

Ah...

That means I discovered a constellation, so...

I can sign it, now.

Oh...

You mean to say...

...You'll write your name?

On me?

...

Uhfufu~!

Oh, you!

Well? "Oh, me" what?

Come on, say it!

"You" what?

Hmfu-fufufu!

Fufu...

We don't want your legs to catch a cold now, do we?

Come on, don't stay like that.

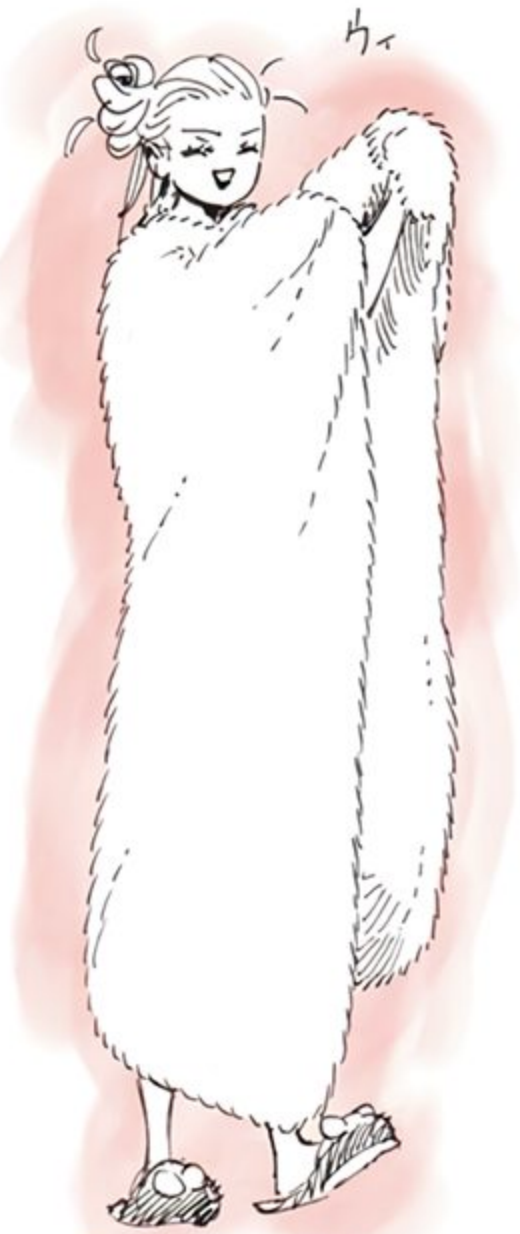
Ah?!

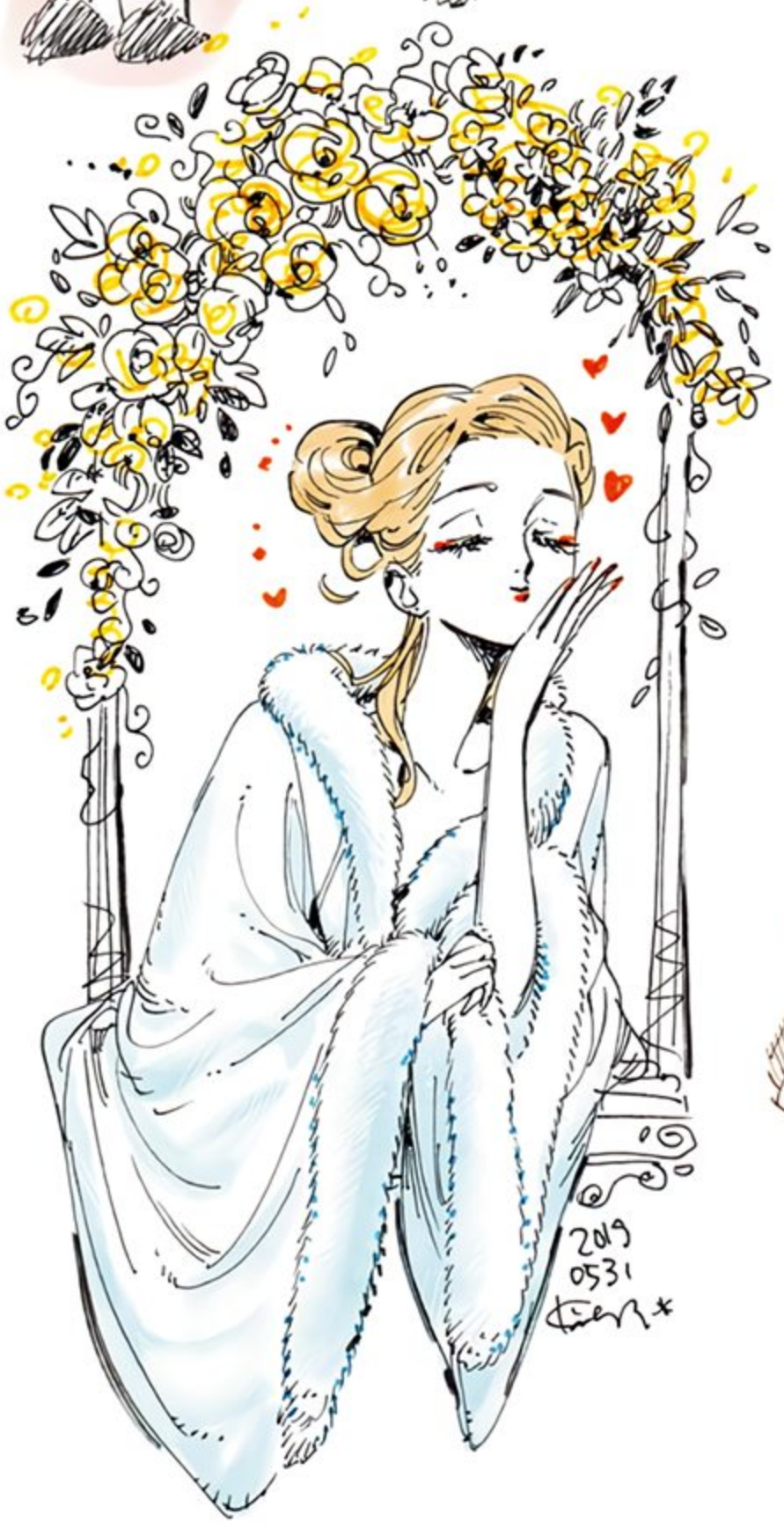
バサ

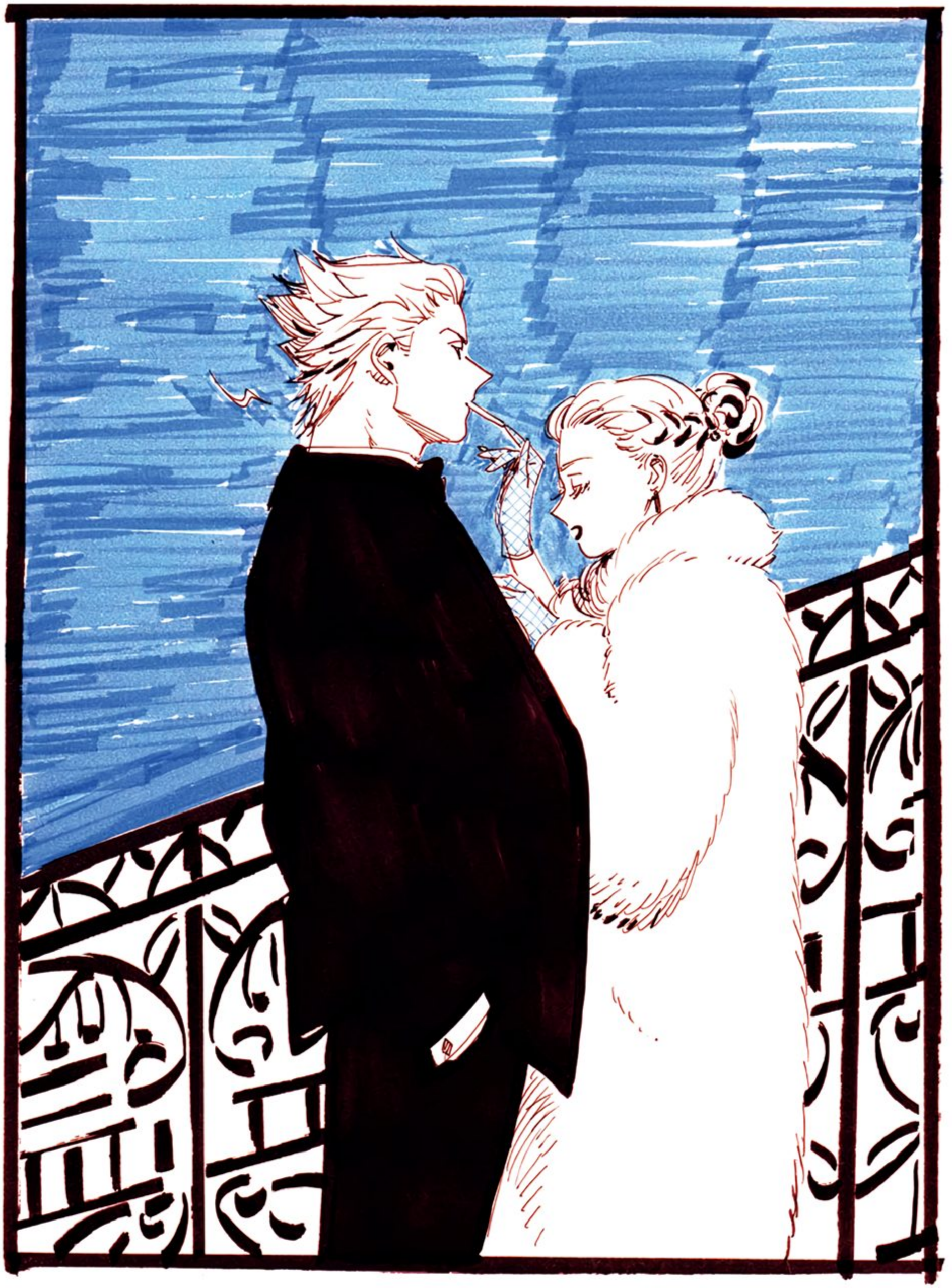
GUCCI

Veil

Calming noir





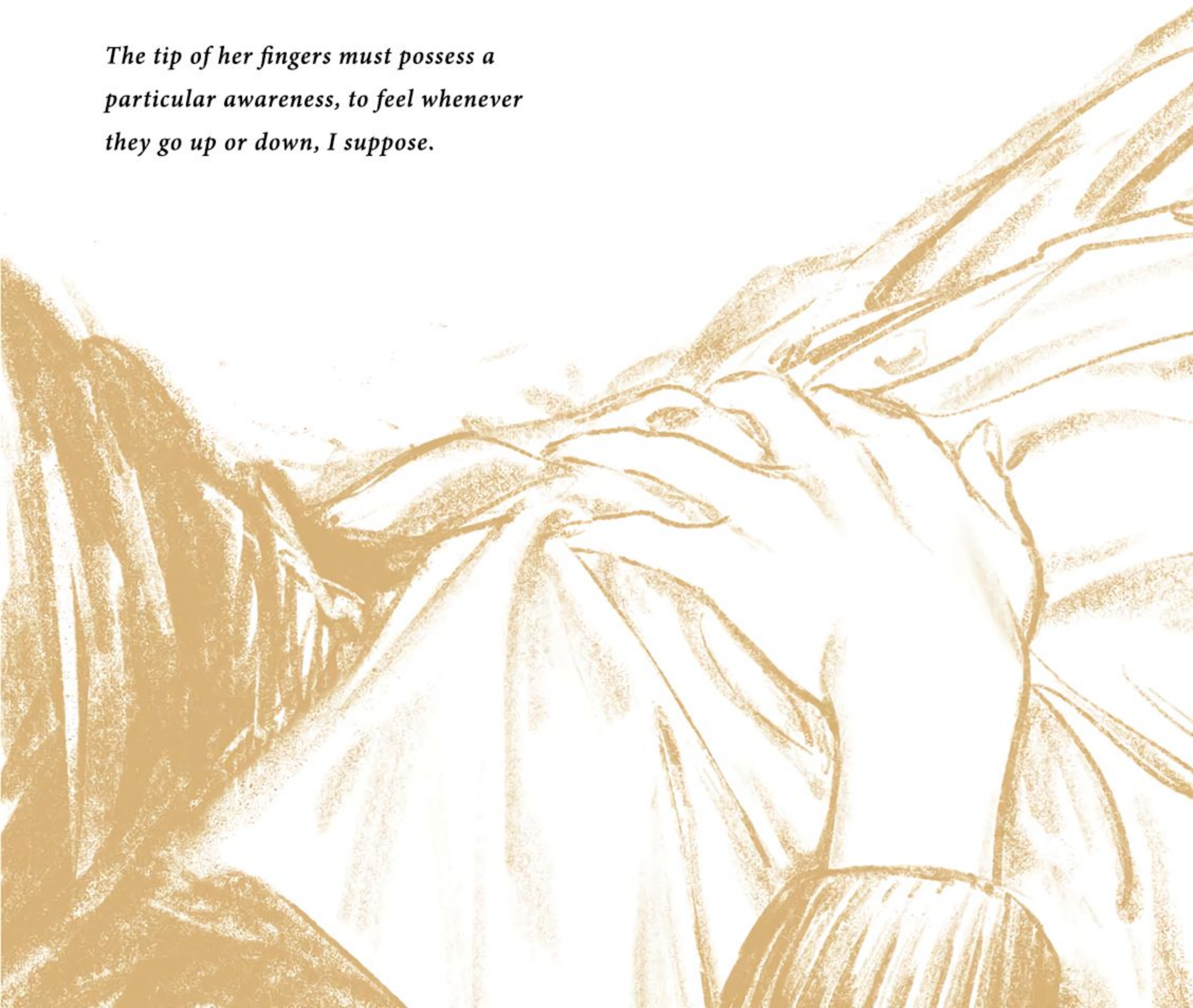


She likes to lay her hands on things
that may move.

If I'm seated on the sofa, she'll put
her legs upon my knees, without an ounce of embarrassment.
Out of fear, I'll run away, perhaps.
If I'm reading a book, she'll place her hand
right on it as I'm about to flip a page.
The other day, she laid her hand on my stomach.
When I asked if her hand was a
stethoscope, after a grimace, since it's
a doctor's expression, she said:
"Yes. With this, I can see your breath..."

The tip of her fingers must possess a
particular awareness, to feel whenever
they go up or down, I suppose.

His monologue.



Veil

Calming noir